And plucke the mangled *Tibalt* from his shrowde,
And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon a Rapiers point: stay *Tibalt* stay;
*Romeo, Romeo, Romeo,* heres drinke, I drinke to thee.

*Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.*

*La.* Hold, take these keyes, and fetch more spices *Nurse.*
*Nur.* They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.

*Enter old* Capulet.

*Ca.* Come, stir, stir, stir, the second Cocke hath crowed,
The Curphew Bell hath roung, tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica,*
Spare not for cost.
*Nur.* Goe you Cot-queane, goe,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
*Ca.* No not a whit, what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause, and nere beene sicke.
*La.* I you haue bin a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

*Exit* Lady *and* Nurse.

*Ca.* A iealous hood, a iealous hood now fellow, what is there?

*Enter three or foure with spits and logs and baskets.*

*Fel.* Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.
*Ca.* Make haste, make haste sirrah, fetch drier Logs,
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.
*Fel.* I haue a head sir, that will find out Logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
*Ca.* Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
Thou shalt be Loggerhead; good faith tis day.

*Play Musicke.*

The Countie will be here with musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neere.
Nurse, wife, what ho, what *Nurse* I say?

*Enter* Nurse.

Goe waken *Iuliet*, goe and trim her vp, Ile



Ile goe and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haste,
Make haste, the Bridegroome, he is come alreadie, make haste I say.
*Nur.* Mistris, what Mistris, *Iuliet*, fast I warrant her she,
Why Lambe, why Ladie, fie you sluggabed,
Why Loue I say, Madam, sweet heart, why Bride:
What not a word, you take your penniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me,
Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe:
I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?
What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladie's dead.
Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,
Some *Aqua-vitæ* ho, my Lord, my Lady.
*Mo.* What noyse is heere?
*Nur.* O lamentable day.
*Mo.* What is the matter?
*Nur.* Looke, looke, oh heauie day.
*Mo.* O me, O me, my child, my onely life:
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will dye with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

*Enter* Father.

*Fa.* For shame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.
*Nur.* She's dead: deceast, she's dead, alacke the day,
*Mo.* Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.
*Fa.* Hah, let me see her, out alas she's cold,
Her bloud is setled and her ioynts are stiffe:
Life and these lips haue long beene separated,
Death lyes on her like an vntimely frost
Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.
*Nur.* O lamentable day.
*Mo.* O wofull time,